## PRACTICAL FASHIONS AND PRIZE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD



## THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE

By Ellen Adair

### Can a Wife Be Too Domesticated?

marred. And one of the most common her husband.

When a man marries a woman, he looks for something more than a good cook and a mender of his clothes and a general factotum around the house. He may and probably does want all of these things, but in addition he most assuredly desires companionship. And that is precisely where so many women fail altogether in the matrimonial game.

"I have entirely lost my husband's affection," walled a plaintive little wife the other day, "and I'm sure I've always done my very best to please him in every possible and impossible way! Haven't I worked and slaved from morning till night for his comfort? The whole of my life is devoted to the home and the children and his comforts."

'And allow me to tell you that's just where you are making a very great mistake," said the candid friend. "No man has a right to claim so much from a woman! No woman has a right to give up so much for a man! Men don't appreciate it, my dear, and you're only wasting your time, not to speak of your looks! Yes, just look in the mirror over there. Don't you see how you have changed in the last three years? An1 it's all your own fault, too.'

"What do you mean?" stammered the plaintive little wife, intense surprise in her tones." "I'm sure I cannot understand you at all!"

"I just mean that you are too domesticated, and that you are entirely losing your husband's affection through that failing-for it is a failing!" was the answer. "When your husband asks you to go out with him in the evening, what do you say? You refuse, of course. And so he goes off alone. I don't suppose he asks you any more now, for you have refused so often."

with him in the evening," said the plain- domesticated.

dwelt a family of tree fairies. Now per-

haps you never saw tree fairies. They are

quite the very hardest fairies to see of all

the fairies in the whole world. But they

are there in the trees even if you haven't

seen them-watch some time when the

gun shines brightly on the tree nearest

you and maybe you can catch glimpses

And if you do succeed in seeing them

you will think them quite as lovely as

flower fairies. And if you don't see them

Now this particular family of tree

fairies had lived for some years in the big oak tree. As the tree had grown, the

family of fairies grew, too; for it takes many, many fairies to take care of one

great tree you may be sure! What do they do? Oh a thousand things! They spread the raindrops evenly over the whole tree—otherwise only the

top would get a drink. They escort the sunbeams clear in to the leaves near the trunk—else how would the trunk and the

leaves nearby see the sunbeams? And when Autumn and his paint box come for a call, they help him color the leaves

tints of gold and red and brown that you so admire- Oh, the tree fairles have very little time for play, but they love their

work so dearly they don't care about play

thich is the best way to be I assure

The fairies liked the old oak tree, for

he was quiet and happy and tended to his own business just as they did to

theirs-which is the best way for friends

But this peace and happiness was be-fore the arrival of Mr. Bluey Blackbird. Do you think for one minute that peace and comfort go along with him? Indeed

He had not lived in that oak tree two days, no not one, till trouble began to

First he wanted the sunbeams kept

away from his nest, said they hurt his eyes! The oak fairy queen explained

patiently that she couldn't help it; the trunk at that place needed light for growing. "What do I care about its growing." grumbled Bluey Blackbird;

THE FUNNY FRUIT STORE

By Bob Williams

of these elusive tree fairies!

-try again!

they do not!

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Oak Tree Fairies Move

UP IN the big oak tree where Mr. "you keep the sunbcams away till I am through my nap!"

THE little rift within the matrimonial | tive little wife quickly. "The babies have lute is an affair that must be at- to be put to bed and the mending done. tended to pretty quickly, otherwise it wil | and I always like to sew in the evenings. widen so much that the whole will be Then if the children should wake and want me, I like to be at hand. And if | inence given his work, but he had more rifts of all is the failure on the part of anything happened while I was out enthe wife to prove a real companion to Joying myself, I should never be happy again nor know another moment's peace."

> "Nonsensel" was the brisk answer of the candid friend. "It is really of more importance that you please your husband and keep him interested in you than that you sit at home alone and worry yourself needlessly over all sorts of imaginary and quite absurd happenings that never will take place! When I think of you as you were a few years ago, and then look at you now, I'm not scrap surprised that John prefers the club or the society of other people. For you've allowed yourself to become dull and unattractive, mentally as well as physically."

> "But there's so much to do around the house," wailed the little wife, "and I have no time for lectures and books and music and the interesting outside things I used to care for."

> But you have a perfectly capable maid, if you would only leave the poor girl a little more to her own devices," was the answer. "Why, you won't even trust her with the cooking of the dinner, but must hover around superintending everything, until she grows so nervous that she sometimes burns things out of sheer anoyance. The house and the children really can get along perfectly well for a few hours without you, dear!

"If you would only make up your mind to brighten up a bit, dress better, talk better, take a normal interest in the happenings of the day, and be a real companion to your husband, then everything would be so much happier. Believe me, for I know.

"I think you mean well-and thank you very much," said the little wife. "I shall try your plan anyhow."

And the plan has worked so well that she has learned there is no greater mis-"But I haven't got the time to go out take in life than the wife who is too

Then, as though that was not disagree-

because the tree fairles wouldn't keep his

with their gauzy wings.

In vain they explained that the tree

they were quite ashamed to have him in

their tree.
Then the next day, when he began to

then the next day, when he began to scold because his nest was dry and dusty the tree fairies decided that they could stand him no longer. Very politely, but firmly, they invite him to move.

"Move?" exclaimed Bluey Blackbird in amazement, "indeed I'll not. I like it here

as well as anywhere. And here I mean to

Copyright-Clara Ingram Judson,

'we'll move ourselves!'

the corner of the garden

All right, then," said the fairy queen,

## The Daily Story

Peter's Best Trick

Peter's invitations to house parties and week-ends always wound up with the request, more or dess thinly veiled, that he come prepared to do tricks.

But Peter was not an much of a nulsance as the usual partor entert; ver. He was a really clever magician, who, under other circumstances, might have gained fame as a professional, and he enjoyed his performances himself, though he was wont to proclaim that he was loved not

than half decided to send polits regrets to Mrs. Furbush when he learned that Ethel Percy would be one of the guests.

"Don't forget to bring your very best tricks," Mrs. Furbush wrote, "for we shall have private theatricals on Saturday evening, and they will come in very handy.

Peter thought of the scandalous fashon in which she had sought Edith Percy for Tom Furbush, and there was a hidden meaning in his polite assurance that he would have some new experiments for the delectation of Mrs. Furbush's guests. Had it not been for Tom Furbush, he thought, he would already have been able thought, he would already have been able to win a "yes" from Edith, but twice, when he had come on the verge of a proposal. Tom had lumbered around some corner with a sheepish grin to claim her for a dance or to deliver a mes-sage from his mother. Peter firmly believed that Mrs. Furbush

could feel him go into a conservatory or cosy corner with Edith. There would be an additional charm in winning Edith under that good lady's very nose. That she should have tolerated him at her house party was not to be explained upon any other ground than that she needed him for entertainment and truth

needed him for entertainment, and, truth to tell. Mrs. Furbush waited long before she wrote the invitation while she weighed the question of her need. Only the knowledge that Peter's tricks would probably save her performance led her to extend the invitation, and for the rest she had faith in her skill as a social gen-

eral to keep Peter away from Edith. That her confidence was not misplaced was easily apparent to poor Peter, who found himself blocked at every turn in his endeavor to steal a few minutes with Edith. So anxious was Mrs. Furbush to keep them apart that she made the grave keep them apart that she made the grave error of throwing Tom and Edith together too much, and the girl was heartly sick of her boorish admirer long before the end of the week.

Peter smilled as he noticed these signs, and, to Mrs. Furbush's great delight, he spent several hours a day in his room practicing his tricks. It was her first party in the new house, and she wanted it to be talked about.

tt to be talked about.

There were several tableaux, in which Edith and Tom frequently figured as lovers of history, and then while the participants in the tableaux were dressing there were vocal and instrumental numbers.

At last Peter was announced, and as he stepped upon the platform. Edith, es-corted by Tom, passed down the aisle to where front seats had been reserved for

the participants in the performance. In contrast with the amateurish work of those who had gone before. Peter's work was positively brilliant. There were tricks he had never tried before, and long before the end of his program his audi-ence realized that he was working with

ring boxes. Borrowing half a dozen rings But, of course, the tree fairles couldn't do that, so Bluey Blackbird went on grumbling. in the audience, he ground them in a mortar, and, stuffing them into a gun. fired at a box which had hung on the staxe all through his performance. From this box he took a smaller one, and so on until half a dozen were piled able enough, the next day it rained and Bluey Blackbird flew into an awful rage

upon the stage before he reached the last box, within which lay five roses, to the stems of which rings were tied by rib-bons. These he quickly tossed to their owners and ran back to the stage.
"Is there any lady who has not received her ring?" he called, with an as-

sumption of anxiety.

rant's so, admitted the magician, examining the box. "I am sure that all six were loaded into the gun."
"Well," said Tom, complacently, "I guess one of them hung fire, then. I am positive Miss Percy has not her ring."
Edith, sharing the general belief that comething had becomed to something had been something had been something had something had been something had something the something had something the something had something the something comething had happened to spoil the trick, sought to silence her companion, but Tom would have none of it. The favor accorded Peter's tricks an-

gered him. He was clever in none of the society ways, and bitterly lealous of those who were. If Peter had made a mistake he would force it home; he would humiliate him and make him a laughing

stock.
"I admit that Miss Percy gave me the ring," agreed Peter; "but I am also positive that I shot it into that box and not into my pocket. Did any of you see the charge scatter?" He turned to the audi-In vain they sheltered him all they could None was prepared to admit the around his nest was thirsty, in vain they sheltered him all they could with their gauzy wings; he grumbled and raged till fact. "It must be around here somewhere,"

he went on anxiously, as he raised the bits of apparatus on the table and peered under them. "It couldn't have gone on the table,"

insisted Tom. "If you put it in the gun."No?" said Peter. "Quite to the contrary. I think I shot it into this bottle. He tapped the bottle with a small hammer and it fell apart, disclosing a turtle dove with a ring tied about its neck. A murmur ran through the audience as the people realized that Peter's anxiety had merely been a bit of byplay, and Tom bit his lips until they bled as he saw how he had been led into helping Peter

So that is the reason why the whole family of oak tree fairles moved from the big old tree to the tiny oak tree by Peter came forward with the dove, and as he detached the ring and slipped it on Edith's finger, he whispered something. She blushed and nodded, but Tom's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of the ring. "Hi." he called, "that's not the same

ring."
"Is that your ring, Miss Percy?" he "It is," she replied, as a wave of pink

"But hers was a pearl," persisted Tom.
"But hers was a pearl," persisted Tom.
"This is a diamond solitaire."

Then the full force of what the ring meant swept over him and he sat down very suddenly.

"Since Miss Percy acknowledges the

"Since Miss Percy acknowledges the ring as her own," said Peter quietly, "I do not see what right you have to complain. The pearl ring you will find also on Miss Percy's finger."

Tem glanced at the hand and saw that Peter spoke the truth. "That's all right," he blustered, "but what's the other?"

"That," said Peter caimly, "is something that does not particularly concern you." And more than Edith smiled at the remark, for they realized that Peter Vane's best trick was to place an engagement ring on Edith's finger under Tom's very nose.

Tom's very nose. (Copyright, 1915.)

### A Little Farther On A little farther on the skies are brighter.

The distant clouds are fleecier and whiter aweeter music o'er the senses steals-A little farther on.



A PEARL TRIMMED SATIN GOWN

## AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Milady's Gloves, and Shoes for the Kiddies

ILADY'S gloves have taken a change | black on white, or white on black is used MILADY'S gioves have the monopoly of black or white gloves has gone. Tan, pearl gray, sauterne, taupe and the many variations on these shades are just as fashionable this season as the conservative all-white or delicate black-andwhite combinations of former seasons. In spite of this, many women stick to the less conspicuous styles, both in kid and

Tan silk gloves are as gally trimmed with black stitchings, etc., as are white ones. Slip-on styles, with wide black braid at the bac... are selling in one shop for \$1.

At the same price are lovely pearl gray suede gloves, with self-colored silk braid or silk arrow stitching on the back. These are cooler than kid, and more durable than silk for the average woman. The price is \$1.

mption of anxlety.
"You have not returned Miss Percy's ag," called Tom, sharply.
"That's so," admitted the magician, exstyle is made with a gauntlet top, flaring out like the bouffant line so popular in the bouffant line s this season. A deep V-shaped insert of for \$2-special.

with this, and black stitching on the higher than the ordinary short glove, and the price in one shop is \$1.

A very heavy all-white or all-black glove for the conservative woman is made

In slip-on style, with a strap at the wrist.

It is the last word in simple elegance.

It also sells for \$1-just now.

The "Queen Elizabeth" glove has a narrow plaited ruffle surrounding the edge and extending to the clasp at the wrist.

It comes in all-white or black-and-white.

It comes in all-white, or black-and-white styles, and sells for \$1. Play sandals for the kiddles are coming in for vacation or seashore wear, and

sell from 85 cents to \$1.50 a pair, ac-

cording to size.

A new play shoe for children is designed to support weak ankles, and to allow freedom to tender little feet as well. This is made of soft white canvas or suede, with hardened rubber soles. They sell for \$1.50 to \$2.75 a pair.

Heal dressy patent leather pumps for daneing school or the children's party have one strap over the ankle, and sell

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledges prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledges, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Anna S. Etils, 2027 West Venanga street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

newspapers, particularly LEDGERS, are giving us pictures far too valuable to be thrown aside. I have

found this an excellent way to make use of them and give much pleasure: I cut out all pictures worth keeping. placing them in boxes devoted respectively to portraits, landscapes, buildings

and interior decorations (the Public LEDGER, in its Sunday Pictorial Section. is giving us a fine series), animals, fash-When time permits, I put these into acrap books. For the larger ones, particularly those of buildings, I make my

own book from ecru wrapping paper, with decorated pasteboard covers. I made one containing the fashions, real and burlesque, during the "hobble" periacross the cover I pasted "Follies of " taken from advertisement of a play of that name. This I sent to two shut-ins in the North Carolina mountains; they asserted that it gave them more pleasure than any other present Christ-mas brought them. Later it went to Florida, where it is now on record. This would be delightful work for shut-ins; it would make a graceful present

ins; it would make a graceful present where money is lacking or originality re-quired. It would cheer the heart of many a tot in the hospitals.

A prise of 50 cents has been awarded to J. E. McCoy, 5101 Willows avenue, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: Get an ordinary three-arm towel rack and screw it to the right hand end of the sewing machine. You will find it very convenient to hold pieces of work when you are doing your summer sewing. They will always be close at hand, and cannot get behind the machine or under foot.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. C. D. Fretz, Sellersville, Pa., for the following suggration:

Here is a homemade sliver polisher which obviates all the necessity of hard rubbing. Take a large pan and put in it small pieces of sinc, then a handful of sait and bicarbonate of soda. mixed with enough boiling water to half fill the pan. Boil your sliver in this for a few minutes, and you will find that by a process which chemists call "galvanic action" your sliver will be bright as new without any rubbing.

A little farther on life is immortal.

Nor pain, nor serrow ever can molest;
The loys we've missed shall meet us at the portal.

The hands we've towed shall lead us unto rest.

A little farther on.

## EGG CONTEST IN DARBY

Present Champion Receives Eating Match Challenges.

Darby is all agog over the challenge of Morris Blanford, who achieved enviable notoriety two weeks ago by eating two dozen raw eggs in two minutes. Blanford has received two challenges. William Thompson, also of Darby, is one of the challengers. The other has not given his name, but he lives in Chester. Blanford says he is willing to accept both challenges, provided his constitution lasts through the ordeal. The Chester challenger makes only one condition to his challenge. Both men are to eat raw eggs until one of them drops. Thompson's challenge is on equally broad lines. He is willing to contest Blanford's title by eating eggs in any old style—raw, scrambled, fried, hard-boiled, soft-boiled, deviled or pickled. The contest will be arranged just as soon as some philan-thropist agrees to donate the necessary

Wagner "Pop" Concert Tonight Following is the program for the "Fop" con-ert at the Academy of Music tonight: verture, "Dis Meistersings," Aria, "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tann-hauser."

hauser. Eisa Lyons Cook.

Fantasie, "The Flying Dutchman."
(a) Preisided from "Die Meistersinger."
(b) Traums. John K. Witzemann.

March from "Tannhauser."
Vorspiel, "Lohengrin."
Evening Star, from "Tannhauser."
Alfred Lennartz.

Huldigungsmarach.
Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold."

Overfure, "Riensi."
Thaddeus Rich, conductor.



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## A Pearl-Trimmed Evening Gown

IDSEASON evening gowns, or any M other type of gown for that matter, are usually a problem. It is equally difficult for the woman of unlimited means to make her choice as it is for her less fortunate sister. It means the same attention to detail, the same eye for color schemes and fashionable lines which the smart woman must concentrate on her appearance at all times. For the woman who is truly fashionable gives an attention to detail which mounts to, and really is, a hobby.

When milady chooses her evening gown she should consider her type. This doesn't mean that she needs to wear futuristically weird styles or exaggerated gowns. She should simply wear the color, line or costume which suit her best. Many women are not built to carry the extremely bouffant, alry little frocks which fashion dictates for the spring evening gown. They require something more dignified, not necessarily mature. The gown shown in the illustration is one of

The elaborate simplicity of the per trimming and the extreme plains line shown in this frock are ideal for a slender figure. They accentuate to tours without betraying its immature

The front of the bodice is made pearl-colored satin, with a soft drapery net over the shoulders. This falls in to ends down the back, and is elaborabeaded with a motif in pearls who matches those on the gown. There by girdle to destroy the simplicity of the charm and the waist line is indicated by row of hand-shirring.

Broad godet folds of the satin are but together at the back of the ekirt, falls, into a fish-tall train. The hem la reput in by hand, a most notable inners. tion on the recent imported me Pearl-beaded motife are used as the tra ming, and a bandeau to match is we a la Mrs. Castle on the forehead The rose is optional. It may be worn as corrage ornament, or omitted, leaving to simplicity of the gown unchanged

Tomorrow's Menu

BREAKFAST.

Uncooked Cereal and Cream
Hamburg Steak
Fried Potatoes Rhubarb Rounds
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Creamed Chipped Beef Bread and Butter Sandwiches

DINNER.

Spinach Cream Cheese Salad

Chocolate Pudding.

Clam Cocktails
Broiled Beefsteak Baked Sweet Potator

Rhubarb rounds—Cut rounds of bread with a biscuit cutter and put them a the bottom of a buttered baking do Cover with rhubarb and sugar and bake

Clam cocktails-Serve the cocktails is

green pepper shells, prepared by cutt off the tops of small sweet pepper sh

and removing all the seeds and pity me the inside. Wash and chill. For it shells allow half a teaspoonful each of

horseradish, tomato catsup and viness five teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce. Mix the

oughly and pour over the clams-six in

It's the sauce that makes

The Italians know that

spaghetti good.

until the rhubarb is tender

Jelly Cake

Cocoa

Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen b

Of Irish swains potato is the cheer."

### Own Up By the Business Girl.

When you make a mistake own up! I don't merely mean-don't deny it or try to slide out of it when you're challenged with it. You wouldn't think of

I mean, don't wait to be found out! Own up right away. Go to the boss and say:

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake about this. I'm very sorry. It sha'n't happen again. What can I do to put it right?" And you'll find that he'll be quite fairly decent about it. You can't expect him to be pleased with you, but he'll appreciate your frankness.

If you leave it for him to find out for himself he'll be down on you like a ton of coal.

of coal.

But if you go to him and confess frankly and freely you disarm him. He may be wild-very likely he will. But he won't be half so wild as he would if you had left him to find out for 'himself.

Not only that, but very often if he knows about the blunder at once he can rectify it hou. If it goes undiscovered for rectify it; but if it goes undiscovered for ome time it may be impossible. Of course, I'm not talking about the

trifling slips that you can easily cor-rect by yourself. If you go walling round to the boss with these continually he'll label you an unmitigated nulsance. But the bigger mistakes, the mistakes that take some putting right, the mistakes that there is going to be a row about-own up to them every time.

And it's not only in business, either. When you make a mistake of any kind, when you're wrong in an argument, when you've misjudged people, when you've been unkind and inconsiderate and short-tempered, when you've done something that isn't quite playing the game-own

If you try to hold out that you're right when you know you're wrong, it's going to be remembered against you. You won't feel comfortable about it yourself, and you will'go down in the other people's estimation.

Don't be afraid of making mistakes. Everybody does it. Nobody thinks the worse of a girl for making a blunder now and again. And they think all the better of her for owning up when she's

better of her for owning up when she's

Fashionable

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The "Lady of Style" is inseparably associated with a fur scarf of solid white

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is a very difficult thing to do unless you have personally visited and investigated a large number. In order to help you and save you a great amount of correspondence and tiresome investigation, LEDGER CENTRAL sent out a college graduate to visit schools and colleges. He has spent several months visiting all the best schools in the East, securing all sorts of information at first hand and is qualified to help you find the school best suited to the peculiar needs of your boy or girl, at whatever price you can afford to pay. The service is free, and we suggest that you get in touch with the Bureau at once, as many schools are registering pupils now, and will be filled to capacity before June. Call, write or phone.

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

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Of Boston's Famous Beans; he grapes and Kumquats were as large As Moving Picture Scenes!

The Quinces in this Teasing Shop Were always very awest. And Olive Oil was dry as Dust-And sweeter than a Beet.

Twas Bover's Muraing Bark!



The Water-Melona were the size

Baranas always sold themselves: Then jumped inside the Bags; While Melons, Plums and Apricota Would gallop 'round like Nags.

Miss Alice Brown she struck the Town One syning after dark; She heard an Egg Plant yell, "I'm

